Table of Contents

1. 《Chapter.1》

《Chapter.1》

[image]

Tears were streaming down America's red cheeks. His little hands were balled into shaky Fists and his face was shamefully facing the floor. "Dad- Dad I swear I did nothing- We were playing and-" Blood was staining the white carpet in the Livingroom. America knew that it was his fault. It was his fault that his brother was bleeding onto Britain's nee fur jacket and it was his fault that the pretty carpet got dirty but there was no way that he would admit it. He was too scared of what would happen if he did. The small boy wasn't a good liar so he wasn't even suprised when Britain grabbed his right wrist with one hand while still pressing Canada into his chest with the other one. Canada wasn't making a sound. He was horrifying silent. "Why are you like this?" America's heart feeled like it got smashed on the ground. He would have preferred that his dad would've screamed at him or yes- even punched him right in the face, he knew that he would've deserved it, but his dad was just starring at him with a deep deep sadness visible in his eyes."Why can't you just be like your brothers?" America started sobbing again. Uncontrollable this time. He could feel his eyes watering even more than before and his vision became blurry.

America found out that sleeping on the ground wasn't the best way to recover from all the nights of lost sleep the hard way. He was glad that the floor of Australia's room was covered with carpet, don't get him wrong, but he could feel the old wood floor under it even through his thick sleeping bag. The country could hear Australia softly snoring beside him, on his soft and warm bed and America let out a small exhausted sigh. Oh how he would love to lay in his own bed right now. With his thousands of pillows and the fur blankets France had bought him years ago, but of course out of the hundreds of water pipes in this house, the one exactly over America's room had to break. He will never forget the morning when he woke up in a swimming pool that used to be his room. One of his pillows re-creating the Titanic right on the other side of his bed. Britain had told him that there was 'no reason for panic' because he 'will repear it as soon as he can'. Well, mind you, that

was 1 week ago and he knew that it would still take a while till his father could get a free day. Australia wasn't very happy about having to share his room with America. Fair. America wasn't the best roommate and he knew it very well. "Don't touch any of my stuff or I swear I will push your head down the toilet and watch you drown" He had hissed one particular evening as USA had thrown down one of the snow globes Australia was collecting, in the progress of killing a spider in one of the many corners. Australia knew that this warning wouldn't stop America but who was he to not try?

"DO THAT AGAIN! DO THAT AGAIN!" America who was lost in his thoughts let out a little terrified scream that he wasn't very proud of and sat himself up in his sleeping bag. He could hear Australia mumbling besides him. The screaming outside was loud but it wasn't loud enough to wake him up. Of course not. America was sure that his brother could sleep trough a war without waking up. He would even bet his life on it, if needed to. America didn't know what time it was but he was sure that it wasn't even close to sunrise. He stood up and his stiff back cracked in disagreement. Oh how splendid. America groaned in pain. He walked over to the opened window and looked down at the street. Ready to scream at whoever is interrupting his pathetic thoughts.Three countries were standing right under Australia's window. He couldn't see who it was or what they were doing. Sadly the light of the street lamp didn't reach that far into the shadows but then one of them started screaming again. "Oh you son of a Bitch!" and Oh, America knew that voice very well. It was China and if that wasn't enough, he also seemed intoxicated. America leaned out of the window, resting his head on the palms of his hands. "Having Fun I see?" The group of countries looked around, probably being to drunk to realize where the voice came from. "Up here, you Idiots!" He mumbled, amused. Finally, they looked up. China, North Korea and Russia. How lovely, America's "favorites", all in one place. He sighed. "Ah sorry did we disturb your beauty sleep?"-"Beauty sleep? Look at him! He needs surgery!" China and North Korea howled at their second class, overused jokes and America couldn't help but roll his eyes in pity. "Oh China, my beloved. you should become a Comedian. Have you ever considered a career as a comedian? Mind you, your jokes are pathetic but your face makes me laugh anyways." China let out a

choking sound and America had a short but sweet moment of victory. "At least nobody vomits while seeing him can you say the same?" Russias answer came out of nowhere and America needed a moment to answer. He didn't even sound a little bit drunk while his friends seemed to be full to the brim. "Oh fuck yourself Russia!"-"Oh I am sure that my dick would be long enough to try. I am worried about yours though. Can you even see it in the mirror?" America didn't knew what to answer. His eyes found Russia's in the dark and he could see the satisfaction in them. *Got you there, didn't I?* He slammed the window shut and almost immediately could hear the small group celebrating their easy win. "That was pathetic." America swirled around. "Shut the fuck up and go back to sleep Australia."

America wasn't used to waking up early but his brother sure as hell was. Instead of waking up like a normal person and carefully stepping over his still sleeping brother, Australia prefers to yawn so loudly it sounded more like a war cry and jumping on top of America's stomach like it was some kind of trampoline. "Ah shit sorry I forgot you are here." He stated amused. "yeah like the 5 times before, huh?" Australia wasn't a bad brother but America also wouldn't call him the best brother to ever exist. Oh, Australia was far away from that title.
"How about you finally get your lazy ass up, huh?" Australia pulled on his brother's hair affectionately. America's own hand rising up, smacking his away. "How about you shut up for a second?" Was there even one day where the two of them weren't fighting? Rarely. Not even days like christmas or Thanksgiving were spared. But America didn't complain. He believed that it helped their bond.
"What was that yesterday night?" Australia asked while opening his closet. He seemed genuinely interested. "Just Russia and his Idiot friends." Australia turned around, a red Hoodie in his hands. "I thought you and Russia used to be friends?" He asked surprised. "yes used to be. Years ago." Australia didn't answer. He simply nodded and made his way back to his bed. This time without jumping on his still very much tired brother. "So you don't talk anymore?" He replied sitting on the edge of the bed. "Not really. Only when we are fighting or some shit like that." Australia sighed. "You know his brother? fasachstan? Lamastan? What was it again?" America blinked, needing a moment to understand. "You mean

Kazakhstan?" "Yeah yeah. I was talking to him at a Party while we were both hella bombed. I think he accidentally took my bracelet with him. The brown one that mom gave me as a christmas present? I thought that maybe you could go check since you know where he lives and-" America sighed. "Well I know Kazakhstan but what do I get?" America asked without letting his brother finish. "My love and affection?" Silence. Australia sighed. "The control over the TV remote for a whole week." - "yeeeaaaahh maaaaaan!" Australia rolled his eyes. He grabbed the rim of his pants and pulled them down in one smooth movement. America let out a sobbing sound, turning the other way immediately. "God. Underwear exists, do you know that?"